Big Cannibal Theory

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Big Cannibal Theory

by 305unreal

Summary

After a visit to a sperm bank, husbands Hannibal and Will Lecter-Graham return home to meet their new neighbor, Alana. After small talk, she's invited over for lunch where Hannibal and Will learn about her unpleasant ex-boyfriend Frederick...

Will sighs wearily as he and Hannibal pull into the parking garage of the esteemed sperm bank. "I still think this is a bad idea. What if someone recognizes one of us?" he muses, reaching out to grab his backpack from the backseat.

Hannibal places a soothing hand on Will's shoulder. "My dear Will, do not allow yourself to be consumed by excessive worry. This establishment prides itself on its discretion, catering to a clientele of considerable wealth and influence. I am quite certain they have dealt with donors of our notoriety in the past. Furthermore, let us not underestimate the potential impact this could have on assisting students burdened by exorbitant tuition fees."

Will offers a reluctant grin. "You just want to add 'sperm donor' to your long list of accomplishments, don't you?" He playfully nudges Hannibal as they step out of the elevator, entering the sleek and sophisticated lobby of the sperm bank. "I still say your ego will be the cause of our demise someday."

At the front desk, a cheerful young receptionist greets them. "Welcome, gentlemen! Do you have an appointment?"

Hannibal responds smoothly. "Indeed, under the name Lecter. We had the pleasure of conversing with Jennifer last week regarding our aspirations to become donors."

The receptionist beams with delight. "Marvelous! Please follow me." Leading them to an examination room, she instructs, "Behind the privacy screens, please disrobe. A nurse will be with you shortly."

Will raises an eyebrow, casting a questioning glance at Hannibal. "Ready to get to work, doctor?"

Once they have changed, Will takes a seat on the examination table while Hannibal pursues the selection of magazines. "Really Hannibal? 'Modern Fertility'? Couldn't you find something a bit more stimulating?"

Hannibal chuckles. "Patience, my dear Will. This is a matter of great significance. The quality of our genetic material will undoubtedly shape lives." He sets the magazine aside and turns to Will with a glimmer in his eyes. "Now, how may I assist you in attaining the appropriate state of mind?"

Will rolls his eyes, a faint smile tugging at his lips. Before he can respond, a polite knock resonates from the door.

"Enter," Hannibal calls.

A cheerful nurse enters. "Good morning, gentlemen! I am Claire, and I shall be assisting you with your samples today. Do you have any questions before we get started?"

Will clears his throat, his focus unwavering on a diagram illustrating sperm labeling. Hannibal, on the other hand, responds with effortless grace, "No, we believe we have a firm grasp of the procedure. We are prepared whenever you are, Claire."

She beams with delight. "Marvelous. I'll give you some privacy then." Claire exits the room, closing the door behind her.

Hannibal positions himself between Will's knees, gazing at him tenderly. "Well, my beloved husband, shall we embark on the task of aiding prospective families?" He places a gentle kiss on Will's forehead.

Will lets out a snort. "Only you would make sperm donation so romantic, Hannibal. Alright, let's get this over with."

He leans in for a kiss, and their laughter gradually subsides as the atmosphere in the examination room becomes more heated. The fervor of new beginnings permeates the air. Claire reenters the examination room sometime later, maintaining a convincing facade of having not overheard their intimate exchange, holding containers in her hands.

"Are you nearly finished, gentlemen?" she asks cheerfully.

Will is still catching his breath, his cheeks flushed. However, Hannibal responds smoothly, "Just about. Thank you for your patience."

After a few more moments, they emerge from behind the privacy screen, both appearing rather content. Hannibal's appearance remains impeccable, not a single strand of hair out of place, while Will discreetly tucks in his shirt.

Claire accepts their samples with a polite smile. "Wonderful. I will take these to the laboratory for analysis right away. We will contact you if we require any further information."

Hannibal nods as he straightens his tie and places a hand on the small of Will's back, guiding him towards the exit. In the lobby, a shimmering banner catches their attention, displaying the words, "Our Donors Help Dreams Come True." Will rolls his eyes playfully, yet allows Hannibal a smug smile.

Will and Hannibal enter their apartment building, engrossed in a conversation about their donation experience and the potential impact it may have. As the elevator ascends, Hannibal takes notice of new orchids adorning the lobby. When the doors slide open on their floor, an acrid odor lingers in the air. Intrigued, they step off to investigate. In an open doorway, an enchanting figure dances barefoot amidst swirling smoke and ash, discarding photographs into an open trash bin. Winston and Buster whimper from behind their closed door across the hallway.

Hannibal approaches the newcomer and politely knocks to announce their presence. "Please pardon our interruption. We couldn't help but notice your captivating display. I am Dr. Lecter, and this is Will Graham. We reside just across the way."

The woman turns, her face flushed from exertion. Her curls are tousled, her eyes gleaming with an intimate fervor. "Alana Bloom; just moved in. Still letting go of excess baggage," she remarks wryly, gesturing towards the bin. Her smile radiates warmth.

Hannibal returns the gesture with polite charm. "It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance. Might we extend an invitation for you to join us for a glass of wine as a gesture of welcome?"

Will raises an eyebrow, intrigued by this captivating new neighbor. Her presence promises an existence anything but mundane. Alana delicately brushes loose curls away from her face, contemplating the invitation. The flames of her artistic display have subsided, leaving behind a lingering scent of acrid smoke.

"Wine sounds lovely, just let me grab a shirt."

She slips inside her apartment as Hannibal unlocks their door. Winston and Buster find their owners and curiously investigate the remnants in the bin. The dogs joyfully greet Alana as she reemerges, donning a slightly rumpled t-shirt over her shorts.

"You'll have to forgive my hounds," Will remarks with a wry smile. "This is Winston and Buster. Say hi, boys."

Her effortless laughter in response to their affection elicits a smile even from Hannibal.

"How endearing you both are," she coos, crouching to tenderly scratch their chins.

Raising an eyebrow playfully, Alana fixes her mischievous gaze upon the gentlemen as she straightens. "Now, if I recall correctly, you did promise a housewarming libation, esteemed doctors?" Her smile radiates warmth, and her vivacious energy promises engaging discourse.

Hannibal graciously gestures towards the direction of the apartment. "Please, after you, Alana. Will, would you be so kind as to fetch the bottle from the wine rack?"

In a matter of moments, they find themselves settling around the kitchen island, with the dogs contentedly curled up nearby. Laughter and conversation flow as freely as the wine, providing a heartfelt welcome to Alana in her newfound abode. The dogs appear quite smitten with her already. And, it seems, their hospitable hosts are equally captivated by her

presence. While Will locates their most exquisite vintage, Hannibal observes with polite interest as Alana gracefully explores the space. Her fingertips delicately trace the spines of books in the library nook before pausing to appreciate the framed illustrations adorning the walls.

"These are truly beautiful," she remarks, studying Hannibal's meticulously rendered sketches of local flora. "You possess an extraordinary talent for botanical illustration, Doctor." Crossing over to the mantle, Alana inspects the mounted trophies - a resplendent walleye, a bass with distinguished stripes, and an elegant trout. "Impressive! You and the esteemed Doctor must make time for many outdoor escapes."

Hannibal responds with a faint smile as Alana returns to examine the array of photographs displayed there. Will emerges then, bottle in hand. "I hope you'll join us again for dinner, Miss Bloom. Hannibal finds inspiration where he can for his culinary art."

Alana's face lights up, reaching out to accept the offered wine. "After such warm hospitality, how could I possibly refuse? And, please, call me Alana." She raises her glass in a toast as they all settle in. "Now, shall we raise our glasses to new beginnings?"

The intimate luncheon masterfully prepared by Hannibal is deemed an unequivocal triumph, evident from Alana's effusive praise. As they indulge in plates adorned with delectable tarts and bountiful seasonal salads, effortless conversation ensues. While Hannibal and Will skillfully maintain an air of mystery surrounding their personal lives, allowing Alana to take center stage, she eagerly seizes the opportunity. Engaging in astrological speculations that even test Will's limited patience, she boldly declares her zodiac sign to be indicative of tremendous empathy.

"Intriguing," Hannibal inquires, his curiosity perpetually piqued.

When Alana claims to adore red meat and fish despite identifying as a vegetarian, a playful twinkle dances in his otherwise composed eyes. Will can only roll his eyes in response. Alana expresses her profound joy in guiding high school students through their tumultuous paths toward self-fulfillment.

"Psychology can be so convoluted. They appreciate straightforward guidance without all the psychoanalysis!" she exclaims, flashing a radiant grin, blissfully unaware of Dr. Lecter's

illustrious background.

A knowing glance silently passes between Hannibal and Will as their guest continues in blissful oblivion. Well acquainted with Will's subtle signals of caution, Hannibal deftly steers the conversation in a different direction. Yet, unexpectedly, tears well up unbidden in Alana's eyes, leaving the gentlemen momentarily frozen, unprepared for such raw vulnerability from their typically effervescent neighbor.

"I'm sorry, please forget I said anything foolish," she whispers shakily. With delicate gestures, Alana dabs at her eyes and wraps her arms around herself as though to contain jagged pieces she'd kept closely guarded. "It's just... I was with Frederick for four years. We had our little routines, our life, and now it's all crumbled because he couldn't keep it in his pants!" Bitter laughter escapes her lips, followed by a heart-wrenching sob.

Hannibal rises quietly, pouring another glass of wine and tenderly placing it in her trembling hand. "There is no need for you to justify yourself to us, dear Alana. However, if you desire a sympathetic ear, we are here to listen."

His composed demeanor provides solace where Will's words may have scattered. Continuing to unburden herself, Alana recounts the callous manner in which Frederick discarded her and the tumultuous emotions she has endured since then. Despite her outward self-assurance, she finds herself internally oscillating between anger and a lingering desire to reclaim what has been lost.

"Am I irrational for still caring after everything? I should want to flay him alive!" She runs her hands through her disheveled locks in frustration. "Clearly, there must be something inherently flawed within me..."

In an uncharacteristically resolute manner, Will interjects. "Madness is not a definitive label, but rather a paradox. To experience intense emotions is an inherent aspect of human nature, for better or worse. And nature itself thrives on paradox - life emerges from death, order from chaos." His sincere words catch even the ever-composed Hannibal off guard. Will continues, his tone becoming thoughtful, "No one can understand your heart but you. Give yourself time and compassion, as we all struggle through life's inherent contradictions."

Alana contemplates Will's words, her sniffs gradually subsiding as she takes another sip of her wine. "You've a wise way with words, Will Graham. I suppose...it's not entirely abnormal to have conflicting emotions after spending so long with someone." Her tears begin to dry as she accepts the notion that inner conflicts don't necessarily equate to instability or flaw.

Observing Alana's slight embarrassment at her disheveled state, Hannibal offers reassurance with a gentle smile. "Please, do not concern yourself. We all experience moments of vulnerability." As Alana changes the topic to explain her dysfunctional shower, a natural invitation arises. "Feel free to use ours. A hot bath can work wonders for both the spirit and the skin."

Ever the gracious host, Hannibal retrieves a fluffy towel and soft unisex pajamas from the hallway closet. "These might be more comfortable than returning to your apartment unwashed. Take all the time you need." Guiding her down the hallway, he notices the tension melting away from her weary shoulders. Upon reaching the bathroom door, he expresses his wish, "I hope this small gesture serves to aid you in some way. We will be in the parlor should you require any further assistance."

While Alana is occupied in the bathroom, a spirited knock abruptly reverberates against the door. Three individuals burst into the room without awaiting a response - Bev, ever audacious, leads the way, followed by the inquisitive Jimmy and the studious Zee.

"You won't believe the leaked footage we stumbled upon," Bev begins eagerly, but her words falter upon observing the solemn expressions on their faces.

Will lets out a weary sigh. "Not the best timing, guys. What is it?"

As Jimmy cranes his neck to catch a glimpse down the hallway, he asks, "Is there a new body back there?"

Bev smirks mischievously. "Ooh, or are you and Dr. Lecter getting your sexy murder husband time on?"

Fortunately, at that moment, Hannibal walks in, his expression maintaining its customary calmness. "I'm afraid not. Our new neighbor, Alana, is utilizing the facilities to find solace after a trying day."

Comprehension and regret color the faces of their visitors. "Sorry, didn't mean to interrupt," Bev sincerely offers.

Ever discreet, Hannibal simply queries, "What have you brought to assist in apprehending another ruthless predator?"

The quintet convenes in a small alcove, and their focus shifts to darker matters better left undisclosed in mixed company. Lowering their voices to a whisper, Team Sassy Science shares hushed conversations with Will and Hannibal about an anonymous ruthless predator on the streets. Team Sassy Science knows Hannibal and Will share the title of the Ripper, but their goal is to catch the copycats. Not to turn them in, though. Bev, Jimmy, and Zee are amateur detectives and vigilantes who mostly work on research, preparations, and cleanup. Will and Hannibal specialize in capturing, detaining, and sometimes staging. Beverly lays out graphic crime scene photos across the small table, detailing the group's findings from having secretly scoped out the area after police had cleared out.

"The copycat is getting sloppier, left more traces of himself this time," she notes with a frown.

Will scans the images intently, letting the grim details work their way into his mind. After several silent moments of contemplation, he turns to Hannibal. "Three potential suspects come to mind. I'll need to observe them discreetly to be certain."

Hannibal nods approvingly. "An excellent start. Miss Katz, Mr. Price, what information have you gathered already on these individuals?"

Jimmy slides forward three folders, each with dossiers on the men fitting Will's profile. Notes on their histories, occupations, and addresses are contained within for Hannibal and Will to review.

"We'll keep an eye on their movements from the shadows," Beverly assures. "Let you know if any stand out as stronger leads."

"If we can discern their next target based on these parameters, we may be able to lay a trap," Hannibal muses, long fingers tracing a proposed route on the map. "Lure the mouse into the open where we can... study it up close."

A chill hangs on his last words, though the group is unperturbed. Will leans into his touch. This group lives outside conventions, following curiosities where ruthless law can not. The partners turn over the files, soaking in the details as plans begin forming for discreet surveillance of the suspects. It's a well-oiled system the team has refined over time. With the next steps mapped out, their visitors take leave so Alana isn't kept waiting longer. Another copycat is on the prowl, but not for long.

Bev, Jimmy, and Zee have left by the time Alana returns, now restored after her bath's soothing ministrations, and comfortably clad in Hannibal's simple garments.

"Thank you for everything. It was well-needed," she smiles at her hosts. But one small ask lingers on her lips. "I hate to impose further, but could you drive me to retrieve my television from Frederick's? It's the last thing there and I'd rather not face him alone in my state."

Hannibal and Will exchange a wordless glance. Hannibal gently agrees, offering his phone for Alana to type in the address. Will nods his assent as well, discreetly texting Bev for a distraction. Down in the lobby, fate intervenes once more. Alana greets Bev, and Bev zeroes in on Alana's necklace. She asks questions and turns her flirt on, inviting her out for drinks. Jimmy and Zee slip past the group, intent on watching the dogs as Bev sweeps Alana off to get drinks - once Hannibal encourages her to do so since they already have her former paramour's address.

Winking at Alana, Bev links her new friend's arm with her own. "Come on girl, I know just the place."

As Beverly sweeps Alana off for drinks, Hannibal notes with subtle delight how seamlessly their colleague could divert attention when needed. "A masterful ploy, seeing to our neighbor's entertainment this evening. One less detail for us to mind," he muses to Will.

With Alana thus engaged, Hannibal and Will set off efficiently to retrieve the television from her ex.

In the midst of it all, the familiar bar welcomes Alana like an old friend, its cozy ambiance and the lively mix of patrons easing the tension from her overwrought mind and heart. Bev confidently steers them to a corner booth, where the keen-eyed Freddie and the studious Georgia eagerly await, their drinks already flowing. Warm greetings and easy chatter soon pull Alana from her inner turmoil and immerse her in the present joy of fellowship. As Georgia delves into recent academic findings and Freddie recounts cheerful tales of eccentric customers, giggles overtake sorrows, and relaxation replaces her clenched muscles. Bev watches with satisfaction, recalling nights past when their circle has soothed her turmoil in the sturdy arms of understanding. Just to sit and connect on lighter matters lifts heavy weights, and Alana finds solace in accepting the willingly offered distraction, rather than confronting phantoms alone.

With practiced precision, Hannibal steers the sleek Bentley through the rushing flows of traffic. Will says nothing, accustomed to allowing his husband to set the pace when instability threatens. Tonight, urgency underscores elegance. They arrive swiftly, finding the gates barred as expected. Hannibal buzzes through with a polite request, met by a voice as sharp as its owner's visage.

"Go away, I have no desire for your brand of disruption tonight," comes Chilton's petulant reply. Ever fond of wielding power over others while perceiving himself as a victim in turn.

Hannibal responds in a silken and mild tone, "Oh Frederick, we have only come as a favor to Alana. A kindness that requires a few moments of your time." But rudeness fuels rudeness, and the intercom falls silent.

Will smiles grimly. "He's not getting away that easily."

Hannibal returns the smile. "No, some lessons must be taught hands-on."

Will quickly works on the lock with his credit card. The door swings open silently. They move through the dark house like ghosts. Hannibal's eyes glint with a mixture of anticipation

and satisfaction as he watches Will expertly detach the TV from its stand. The room is shrouded in darkness, with only the moon's feeble glow seeping through the curtains serving as a source of light. Hannibal moves silently towards Frederick's faux slumbering form, resembling a predator closing in on its unsuspecting prey. With a gentle touch, Hannibal brushes the hair away from Frederick's face, savoring his power over this man who has dared to disrespect Alana. Frederick stirs, his eyes fluttering open, confusion etched across his features. At that moment, he realizes he is no longer alone.

"What the hell? Who are you?" Frederick stammers, his voice tinged with fear.

Hannibal's smile widens, revealing a glimmer of his true nature. "We are the consequences of your actions, Frederick. Alana deserves more than someone who treats her with such disdain."

Will, having finished his task, joins Hannibal by Frederick's side. His mere presence sends a shiver down Frederick's spine. "We deemed it necessary to pay you a visit, to remind you of the importance of respect and kindness."

Frederick's eyes dart around the room, desperately searching for an escape route that no longer exists. The weight of his actions presses upon him, suffocating him in remorse. "I didn't mean to hurt her," he whispers, his voice filled with regret.

Hannibal leans closer, his voice dripping with a quiet menace. "Intentions matter little, Frederick. It is our actions that define us. And now, it is time for you to face the consequences."

Will's gaze hardens, his fingers flexing as he contemplates the retribution that Frederick deserves. "Not to fear, Frederick. We have no intention of ending your life today. Instead, we will teach you a lesson that will remain etched in your memory."

As the room plunges into darkness, the sound of Frederick's muffled screams fills the air, drowned out by the loud hum of the Bentley's engine. The horror of the night is far from over for Frederick, as Hannibal and Will revel in the satisfaction of delivering justice, their love for each other intertwining with their dark desires. As they leave the house, leaving Frederick to face his demons, the darkness of the night seems to stretch out before them, eagerly

awaiting their next malevolent act. As they drive back home with the television in their possession, Hannibal hums, tapping at the steering wheel.

"A pity he didn't opt for civility. But some only learn through experience."

Will chuckles as he reaches over to squeeze his husband's hand. "Think he'll bother Alana again?"

Hannibal's eyes gleam in the night, squeezing back. "If he values his life, no. Lesson taught."

Back in the heart of Baltimore, Bev's car pulls up to Alana's apartment building after their Girls' Night. Since Bev has already dropped off Georgia and Freddie as per her duties as designated driver, she parks the car and walks Alana up to her door. With Alana having trouble finding her keys, Bev continues to help her inside. Alana laughs as Bev recounts another wild story from her time in college. The drinks had flowed freely and left Alana feeling loose and carefree, a welcome change from her recent sadness. As they approach her bedroom, Bev links her arm through Alana's to help steady her steps.

"Looks like you've had a bit too much fun tonight, Alana," Bev teases.

Alana grins lopsidedly in response. Once she's partially lying on her bed, Bev fetches a glass of water.

"Drink up while I find you some more comfortable clothes."

Alana obeys as Bev rifles through her drawers. Soon, she returns with sleep shorts and an oversized t-shirt, helping Alana change with gentle, careful hands. Bev then guides Alana to the bathroom to wash her face and brush her teeth. The cool water helps clear Alana's head a bit. When they return to the bedroom, Bev pulls back the covers and urges Alana into bed.

"Call me if you need anything else, yeah? Feel better, doc."

Bev squeezes Alana's hand in a comforting gesture before letting herself out. Alana sighs as she sinks into the softness of her bed, the laughter and warmth of the evening finally chasing away her lingering sadness, at least for now. Thanks to Bev's help, she's able to drift off into a peaceful sleep.

Bev then walks across the hall and lets herself into Hannibal and Will's apartment with her spare key for the second time today. She hears voices coming from the kitchen and follows the sound. Jimmy and Zeller look up from their coffee as Bev enters. Winston and Buster perk up their ears, and Zeller scratches behind Winston's ears where he lies at his feet.

Bev pulls Alana's keyring from her pocket and tosses it to Zeller. "Do you think you could make a copy of that key for me?"

"Say no more, I'm your man." Zeller catches the keys deftly. "Jimmy, hand me that expired credit card and some tape."

As Jimmy rummages in his wallet, Zeller holds the key up to the light. He deftly traces its outline onto a piece of clear packing tape with a pair of scissors. Peeling it away cleanly, he feeds the tape impression into the card slot along with some adhesive. In no time, the duplicate is produced, and Zeller tests it to confirm the match.

"There you go, Bev. All set to crash Alana's place anytime now." He laughs knowingly.

"Thanks, boys." Bev pockets the copy with a wink. "Catch you later!"

As quickly as she had appeared, she departs, leaving Jimmy and Zeller to continue their evening in the kitchen with the dogs. She sets up shop in the hall, reading a novel she'd snatched from a bookcase on her way out. A few blissful hours pass when the sound of familiar footsteps rouse her from her armchair vigil. She peers into the stairwell to see Hannibal and Will returning at last, carrying an unfamiliar television balanced between them.

"Mission accomplished I see. She's resting now, you're right on time with the finishing touch." She smiles warmly.

She lets the men inside Alana's apartment with her new spare key. The men set down their burden and begin plugging assorted cords into the back of the TV.

"Did the ex put up much trouble letting this baby go?" Bev casually asks as she helps untangle cables.

A dark look passes between Hannibal and Will. "Let's just say Frederick won't be troubling Alana further," Will replies cryptically.

Bev pauses in her task, raising an eyebrow. "Is he... still among the living?"

Hannibal smiles tightly. "However Frederick's fate has unfolded, his threats to Alana have ended. You can rest assured she is safe now, thanks to our intervention."

Though more questions linger, Bev decides not to press the issue further. They complete the setup and leave; Bev drops Alana's key in the bowl by the door and then locks up with the spare. She follows Hannibal and Will into their apartment without invitation, bypassing everyone to pass out in the guest bedroom. Winston and Buster pay her no mind as they flock to their owners, happy for their return.

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